



EVENING BULLETIN.



"HEW TO THE LINE, LET THE CHIPS FALL WHERE THEY MAY."

VOLUME 1.

MAYSVILLE, THURSDAY EVENING, MAY 4, 1882.

NUMBER 140.

KEY WINDING WATCHES

CHANGED TO

STEM WINDERS.

J. BALLENGER at Albert's China Store adjoining Pearce, Wallingford & Co.'s Bank. ap146md

J. C. PECOR & CO.,

—AGENTS FOR—

BUIST'S Garden Seed

A fresh supply just received.

NO OLD SEED,

All this year's purchase. Call and get a catalogue.

WALL PAPER

—AND—

WINDOW SHADES

Every style and pattern, as cheap as the cheapest. Give us a call and examine our stock. ap211y J. C. PECOR & CO.

THIS SPACE IS RESERVED FOR

JOHN WHEELER'S

DAILY MARKET.

THE DAILY BULLETIN.

Published every afternoon and delivered in this city, the suburbs and Aberdeen by our carriers, at **6 CENTS** a week.

It is welcomed in the households of men of both political parties, for the reason that it is more of a newspaper than a political journal.

Its wide circulation therefore makes it a valuable vehicle for business announcements, which we respectfully invite to our columns.

Advertising Rates Low.

Liberal discount where advertisers use both the daily and weekly. For rates apply to

ROSSER & McCARTHY,

Publishers.

JOB WORK

Of all kinds neatly, promptly and cheaply done at the office of the DAILY BULLETIN.

NEW DRESS GOODS

In Plaids, Checks and Surahs,

NEW PARASOLS, NEW FANS,

job lot DRESS GOODS, reduced from 25 to 15c ap114y H. G. SMOOT.

LANGDON'S

—ITY BUTTER—

CRACKERS.

For sale by all grocers. ap213md

BLUEGRASS ROUTE.

Kentucky Central R. R.

THE MOST DESIRABLE ROUTE TO

CINCINNATI.

ONLY LINE RUNNING

FREE PARLOR CARS

BETWEEN

LEXINGTON AND CINCINNATI.

Time table in effect March 31, 1881.

| | | |
|--|-------------|-------------|
| Leave Lexington..... | 7:30 a. m. | 2:15 p. m. |
| Leave Maysville..... | 5:45 a. m. | 12:30 p. m. |
| Leave Paris..... | 8:20 a. m. | 3:05 p. m. |
| Leave Cincinnati..... | 8:55 a. m. | 3:40 p. m. |
| Leave Falmouth..... | 10:00 a. m. | 4:46 p. m. |
| Arr. Cincinnati..... | 11:45 a. m. | 6:30 p. m. |
| Leave Lexington..... | 4:35 p. m. | |
| Arrive Maysville..... | 8:15 p. m. | |
| Free Parlor Car leave Lexington at..... | 2:15 p. m. | |
| Free Parlor Car leave Cincinnati at..... | 2:00 p. m. | |

Close connection made in Cincinnati for all points North, East and West. Special rates to emigrants. Ask the agent at the above named places for a time folder of "Blue Grass Route." Round trip tickets from Maysville and Lexington to Cincinnati sold at reduced rates.

For rates on household goods and Western tickets address

W. C. SADDLER,
Agt., Maysville, Ky.
C. L. BROWN,
Gen'l Pass. and Freight Agt.

TIME-TABLE

ovington, Flemingsburg and Pound Gap RAILROAD.

Connecting with Trains on K. C. R. R.

| | |
|---|--------------------------------|
| Leave FLEMINGSBURG for Johnson Station: | 5:45 a. m. Cincinnati Express. |
| 9:13 a. m. Maysville Accommodation. | |
| 3:25 p. m. Lexington. | |
| 7:02 p. m. Maysville Express. | |

| | | |
|---|------------|------------|
| Leave JOHNSON STATION for Flemingsburg on the arrival of Trains on the K. C. R. R.: | 6:23 a. m. | 4:00 p. m. |
| 9:48 a. m. | 7:37 p. m. | |

For Ripley, Dover, Higginsport, Augusta, Chilo, Foster, Moscow, New Richmond and Cincinnati.

MORNING MAIL.....E. S. MORGAN, Master

F. A. BRYSON and ROBY McCALL, Clerks.
Leaving Maysville at 11:30 a. m. Arriving at Cincinnati at 5 p. m.

UPPER OHIO.

Cincinnati, Wheeling and Pittsburg.

DAILY 5 P. M. PACKET LINE.

J. N. WILLIAMSON, Sup't. Office 4 Pub. Lan'g.

Monday.....SCOTIA—F. Maratta.

Tuesday.....St. LAWRENCE—Wm. List.

Wednesday.....KATIE STOCKDALE—Calhoon.

Thursday.....HUDSON—Sanford.

Friday.....ANDES—C. Muhleman.

Saturday.....EMMA GRAHAM—H. Knowles.

Freight received on McCoy's wharfbow, foot Main st., at all hours. J. Shearer & Co., Roase & Mosset, Agents.

Cincinnati, Portsmouth, Big Sandy & Pomeroy Packet Company.

JOHN KYLE, Pres. H. E. GREENE, Sec.

L. GLENN, Treas. W. P. WALKER, Jr., Agent.

C. AND O. R. R. PACKET FOR HUNTINGTON.

FLEETWOOD—Daily, 4 P. M.—BOSTON.

For Pomeroy and All Way Landings.

OHIO.....Mondays, Thursdays, 5 P. M.

TELEGRAPH.....Tuesdays, Fridays, 5 P. M.

POTOMAC.....Wednesdays, Saturdays, 5 P. M.

Portsmouth, all Mail and Way Landings.

BONANZA, Tuesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, 12 M.

Maysville, All Mail and Way Landings.

MORNING MAIL.....Daily. Leave Cincinnati 7 A. M. Maysville, 3 P. M.

Freight received on wharfbow, foot of Broadway. C. M. HOLLOWAY, Superintendent.

The Murder of Jesse James.

From the Sedalia Democrat.

"Let not Caesar's servile minions,
Mock the lion thus laid low;
'Twas no toeman's hand that slew him,
'Twas his own that struck the blow."

Not one among all the hired cowards, hard on the hunt for blood-money, dared face this wonderful man, one even against twenty, until he had disarmed himself and turned his back to his assassin, the first and only time in a career which has passed from the realms of an almost fabulous romance into that of history.

We called him outlaw, and he was; but fate made him so. When the war came he was turned of fifteen. The border was all aflame with steel, and ambuscade, and slaughter. He flung himself into a band which had a black flag for a banner and devils for riders. What he did he did, and it was fearful. But it was war. It was Missouri against Kansas. It was Jim Lane and Jennison against Quantrell, Anderson and Todd.

When the war closed Jesse James had no home. Proscribed, hunted, shot, driven away from among his people, a price put upon his head—what else could the man do, with such a nature, except what he did do? He had to live. It was his country. The graves of his kindred were there. He refused to be banished from his birth-right, and when he was hunted he turned savagely about and hunted his hunters. Would to God he were alive to make a righteous butchery of a few more of them.

There never was a more cowardly and unnecessary murder committed in all America than this murder of Jesse James. It was done for money. It was done that a few men might get all the money. He had been living in St. Joseph for months. The Fords were with him. He was in the toils, for they meant to betray him. He was in the heart of a large city. One word would have summoned five hundred armed men for his capture or extermination. Not a single one of the attacking party need to have been hurt. If, when the house had been surrounded, he had refused to surrender, he could have been killed on the inside of it and at long range. The chances for him to escape were as one to ten thousand, and not even that; but it was never intended that he should be captured. It was his blood the bloody wretches were after, blood that would bring money in the official market of Missouri.

And this great Commonwealth leagued with a lot of self-confessed robbers, highwaymen, and prostitutes to have one of its citizens assassinated, before it was positively known that he had ever committed a single crime worthy of death.

Of course everything that can be said about the dead man to justify the manner of the killing, will be said; but who is saying it? Those with the blood of Jesse James on their guilty souls. Those who conspired to murder him. Those who wanted the reward, and would invent any lie or concoct any diabolical story to get it. They have succeeded, but such a cry of horror and indignation at the infernal deed is even now thundering over the land that if a single one of the miserable assassins had either manhood, conscience, or courage, he would go as another Judas and hang himself. But as sure as God reigns, there never was a dollar of blood-money obtained, yet which did not bring with it perdition. Sooner or later there comes a day of vengeance. Some among the murderers are mere beasts of prey. These, of course, can only suffer through cold, or hunger, or thirst; but whatever they dread most, that thing will happen. Others again among the murderers are sanctimonious devils, who plead the honor of the State, the value of law and order, the splendid courage required to shoot an unarmed man in the back of the head; and these will be stripped to their skin of all their pretensions, and made to shiver and freeze, splashed as they are and spotted and piebald with blood, in the pitiless storm of public con-

tempt and condemnation. This to the leaders will be worse than death.

Nor is the end yet. If Jesse James had been hunted down as any other criminal, and killed while trying to escape or in resisting arrest, not a word would have been said to the contrary. He had sinned and he had suffered. In his death the majesty of the law would have been vindicated; but here the law itself becomes a murderer. It leagues with murderers. It hires murderers. It aids and abets murderers. It borrows money to pay and reward murderers. It promises immunity and protection to murderers. It is itself a murderer—the most abject, the most infamous, and the most cowardly ever known to history. Therefore this so-called law is an outlaw and these so-called executors of the law are outlaws. Therefore Jesse James' comrades—and he has a few remaining worth all the Fords and Littles that can be packed together between St. Louis and St. Joe—do unto them as they did unto him. Yes, the end is not yet, nor should it be. The man had no trial. What right had any officer of this state to put a price upon his head and hire a band of cut-throats and highwaymen to murder him for money? Anything can be told of men. The whole land is filled with liars, and robbers, and assassins. Murder is easy for a hundred dollars. Nothing is safe that is pure, or unsuspecting, or just; but it is not to be supposed that the law will become an ally and a co-worker in this sort of a civilization. Jesse James has been murdered, first, because an immense price had been set upon his head—and there isn't a lowlived scoundrel to-day in Missouri who wouldn't kill his own father for money; and second, because he was made the scape-goat of every train-robber, foot-pad and highwaymen between Iowa and Texas. Worse men a thousand times than the dead man have been hired to do this thing.

The very character of the instruments chosen shows the infamous nature of the work required. The hand that slew him had to be a traitor's! Into all the warp and woof of the devil's work there were threads woven by the fingers of a harlot. What a spectacle! Missouri, with splendid companies and regiments of militia. Missouri, with a hundred and seventeen sheriffs, as brave and as efficient on the average as any men on earth. Missouri, with a watchful and vigilant marshal in every one of her principal towns and cities. Missouri with every screw, and cog, and crank and lever, and wheel of her administrative machinery in perfect working order. Missouri—boasting of law, order, progress, and development—had yet to surrender all these in the face of a single man—a hunted, lied upon, proscribed, and outlawed man, trapped and located in the midst of thirty-five thousand people, and ally with some five or six cut throats and prostitutes that the majesty of the law might be vindicated, and the good name of the state saved from all further reproach! Saved! Why, the whole state reeks to-day with a double orgy, that of lust and that of murder. What the men failed to do, the women accomplished. Tear the two bears from the flag of Missouri. Put thereon in place of them as more appropriate, a thief blowing out the brains of an unarmed victim, and a brazen harlot, naked to the waist and splashed to the brows in blood.

Joseph Jefferson the actor, has presented to his life-long friend, Attorney-General Brewster, a fine view of Southern landscape, painted by himself.

Pedro Pino, the venerable Zuni chief, is a gallant and ingenious gentleman. His compliments are always adroit. Whenever he has been in the company of ladies in Washington he has been careful to say that he considered all the American women, without exception, beautiful. He has occasionally in the language of Indian courtesy said to middle-aged women: "You are my mother," but he is always prompt in adding: "Not that you are old enough to be so, but you are much wiser than I am, that I learn from you."